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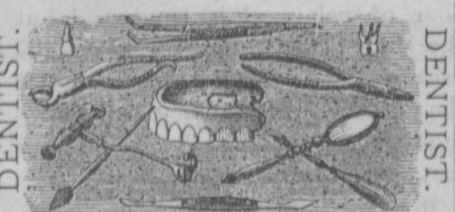
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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1877.

NUMBER 50.

POETRY.

BITTER-SWEET.

BY MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

Loving words that were a pleasure,
Grown to be a pain,
Echoing back through Memory's chambers,
Like a sad refrain:

Honeyed words that now are laden
With the griefs of years;
Roses with their fragrant petals
Petrified with tears.

Summer skies with rain-drops falling,
Then, a clouded noon;
Music once of sweetest sounding,
Now gone out of tune.

Hopes that once rose high and buoyant
Laying cold and dead;
Hearts, that once had known no hunger,
Crying to be fed.

Lives that once were all harmonious
Into discord grown;
Seeds once meant for richer harvests
By the wayside sown.

Ashes now where firelight flickered
With its cheerful glow;
Lessons learned whose fearful coming
Only God can know,—

But He knows and all life's discords,
All its tears and pain
Are a part of his great teaching—
Nothing is in vain.

Belleville, Oct. 24, 1877.

STORY TELLER.

EFFIE'S DOLLAR BILL.

"Stella, is it you?"

It was a bitter cold night, the full
moon shining with a freezing light over
a cold expanse of glittering snow,
the branches of the glen, tinkling and
crackling under their weight of icicles,
the stars glistening afar off. I had run
across the beaten path that led from the
house to the barn, to get some red
Baldwin apples that were packed so
snuggly in the oat bin, for old Mr. Cor
nell had come to spend the evening,
and my mother took pride in her un
pretending hospitality. But just as I
stooped to lift the lid of the bin a
rustling noise in the hay startled me.
Before I could utter the low cry that
trembled on my lips, I saw that it was
Stella Severn.

Stella Severn, neighbor Lockwood's
"bound girl," a wild, reckless thing,
who received a bad name at every one's
hand, and contrived, somehow, to get
blamed for every bad scrape that was
going. Whether Stella was bad or
not, no one could tell—but she was
perpetually under the ban. Mrs.
Lockwood, a stiff, rigid dame of the
Puritanic type, knew no more how to
manage Stella Severn, than the matronly
hen comprehends the roving nature
of a willful duckling that takes to water
in spite of everything—and for some
recent escapade, the full details of
which I did not know, I had been for
bidden by my mother even to speak
to Stella.

"Yes, it is I," said Stella, slowly
roaring herself out of the recesses of
the hay, and staring at me with her
big Andalusian eyes. "And I am oh
—so cold!"

"What are you doing here?" I asked,
holding up my lantern in perplexity.
"I am trying to sleep," said Stella.
"I have run away."

"Run away? What for?"
"Because I couldn't stand it any
longer. Mrs. Lockwood accused me
of being a thief—she had lost some
miserable old teaspoon or other—and
I won't be called a thief!"

"But, Stella," I cried, my conserva
tive nature thrilling with vague terror
at the mere idea of such a bold mea
sure as this, "what are you going to
do?"

"The Lord only knows," Stella an
swered, with more reckless truth than
reverence.

"Perhaps mother would let you sleep
in our spare room," I said.

"Perhaps she wouldn't!" scornfully
retorted Stella. "No decent person
lets me in!"

"I mean to ask her."

"Ask then, and get a scolding for
your pains!" laughed Stella bitterly.

"But it's so cruelly cold, and mother
wouldn't shut out even a dog in such
weather as this."

"Perhaps so—but I am worse than
a dog! You mean kindly, Effie Heart,
but you'll find out the folly of it."

I made no answer, but ran as fast
as I could back to the house, where,

breathless and panting, I preferred my
request.

"A thief! A runaway! In my house!"
cried my mother.

"A lazy, good-for-nothing, who
would rather lie in the sunshine than
work any time," echoed Deacon Cor
nell.

"Go and warn her off the premises
immediately," said my mother.

"I dunno, but I ought to go for the
constable," dubiously remarked the
deacon, feeling his stubby beard.

I slunk away disheartened. Stella's
prophecy had been correct. But I was
determined not to desert my old play
mate thus. Creeping up to my room,
I took a solitary dollar-bill, treasured
toward a new blue sash for a spring
mushin, and wrote a short note to Hu
bert Leslie, the young artist who had
boarded with us the summer previous,
asking him to befriend the friendless.
I believed he would do as much as
that for my sake, and then hurrying
once more to the barn, I crept up to
Stella's side.

"Stella," said I, "you must go away
from here."

"I thought so," responded Stella,
calmly.

"But here is a dollar—all the money
I have got. It will take you to New
York, if you walk fast and reach the
depot in time for the midnight express.
And here is a note to a gentleman who
may, perhaps, help you to find some
thing to do."

Stella threw her arms about my neck,
and I could feel her tears wet and
warm upon my cheek.

"Effie Heart," sobbed she, "if all the
world was like you, perhaps I shouldn't
be as bad as I am. Yet I'll do my
best. Give me the money and let me
go."

I watched her dark form plodding
away over the snow until the black
speck vanished under the wall of trees
that lined the road, and then I came
back into the house where my mother
and the deacon were discussing their
cider and apples.

"Has she gone?" asked the former.

"Yes, she has gone," I answered.

"I am glad of that," said mother.

"I've no faith in that Stella Severn.
She might have had a good home with
Mrs. Lockwood, if only she had behaved
herself."

And it was not until sometime after
wards that I ventured to tell my moth
er what I had done.

"You are a fool," said she, with acerbity.
"Your dollar is as clean thrown
away as if you had pitched it down the
well, and I am sure I don't know what
Mr. Leslie will think of your interference."

I hung my head and made no an
swer. But when the summer hung her
coronal of big cream-colored roses over
our farm-house door, and Hubert Les
lie came back with his easel and stretch
ing umbrella, I ventured to ask him of
Stella.

"Oh," said he, "that black-eyed girl
with the Spanish face? Yes, I remem
ber now. I got her a place as child's
nurse, with my cousin, Mrs. Evelyn,
but she ran away within the month."

"Never mind, Effie," said Mr. Leslie,
kindly, "a good action is never entirely
thrown away. Stella Severn's gipsy
blood could ill bear constraint; but I
don't think she'll forget you, for all
that."

That was just before Hubert Leslie
asked me to be his wife. We were
married the next spring, and I went to
New York to live.

We had a little bit of a room, open
ing out of Hubert's studio, where we
kept house like a pair of turtle doves
in a nest. Although Hubert was such
a genius, and had painted such beauti
ful pictures, he was young, and com
paratively unknown, and we found it
hard to live, particularly after the twins
had opened their blue eyes on the
wintry sunshine of that glorious Feb
ruary day. I had done a little fancy
needle work for the store heretofore;
but now my hands were tired and it
was hard to see the shadows creep over
Hubert's brow, and know that I had no
power to lift them.

So the years went by. More little
ones clustered around our scanty board,
and although Hubert worked hard and
conscientiously, there were other art
ists who pandered to the public taste,

and received more orders. We were
very poor.

"Hubert," said I, one day, when the
load of poverty had been almost more
than we could bear, "don't you wish
you never had married?"

"Do you wish the sunshine never
had come into my life?" he asked. "Never
put that question again, little wife.
What would existence be worth with
out you and the bairnies?"

"If you could only sell that thou
sand-dollar picture," I sighed, thinking
of something that had been on the eas
el for months. He shrugged his
shoulders.

"Harper says it isn't worth a copper,"
said he. "Harper thinks it is far be
yond the popular standard of apprecia
tion."

I sighed, but in spite of all our pri
vations I would not have asked Hubert
to lower his grand ideal of art. I was
proud of it. I was proud of him.

Hubert came in from the studio next
day with a radiant face.

"Wife, the golden age has dawned,
and pure Art is appreciated at last. I
have sold my picture."

"Not the 'Sunrise,' Hubert?"

"Yes, the 'Sunrise.' Look! Here's
a check for a thousand dollars, signed
by Signora Estella Severini, the prima
donna who is singing at the Academy.
She is in the studio now, and she wants
to be introduced to the artist's wife."

"But, Hubert, my dress! My ging
ham dress!"

"Oh, your dress is well enough, Mrs.
Cindarella," he cried, laughing as he
drew me towards the door.

A lady sat in the model's chair—a
tall superbly moulded lady, dressed in
black velvet, and an Indian shawl, with
hair of rippled purplish black and large
dusky eyes. The instant she looked up
I knew her again.

"Stella! Stella Severn!" I cried, with
a sort of gasp.

She rose, laughing and crying, and
ran into my arms.

"Effie, darling, to think that we
should meet after all these years!"

She told me, then, her story. How,
after long battling with the world's
vicissitudes, she had come across an
opera manager who perceived the hidden
treasure that existed in her voice,
and voluntarily assumed the expense of
training it.

"And I am rich and famous now,"
said she, "I can pay back the debt that
I owe to you, Effie; for I think, if it
had not been for you and your dollar
bill, that winter night, I should have
been driven to swallow the little vial of
laudanum I had already in my pocket!"

"Oh, Stella!"

"Ah, but I should. You do not un
derstand how persecuted and haunted
I was, Effie—but thank God, that is
over!"

Signora Severini's thousand dollar
check was the beginning of our new
fortunes; it was the fashion to copy
her whims and caprices. Other people
bought because she did—and pretty
soon we were able to move into a pret
ty cottage of our own in the suburbs.

And when my mother and Deacon
Cornell, down in the country, heard
what Stella Severn had become, they
declared sagely:

"Well, there's never any telling how
things may turn out in this world!"

SIGN YOUR OWN NAME.

In writing to newspapers, I have for
some time been in the habit of attempt
ing to conceal my identity behind some
nom de plume, without ever being able
to give myself a good reason for so
doing. I have seen the practice ridic
uled in the strongest possible manner
by friends whom I have always consid
ered sensible, but their influence was
of no avail. When a young man is in
clined to indulge in a little foolishness,
he will have his way; there is no help
for it. I feel that that has, at least,
been my experience. In one of my
lucid intervals, I suddenly thought I
would reform. To my fellow mutes,
who like myself have been guilty of
such inexcusable nonsense, I wish to
state the reasons for my proposed re
formation.

About the time I commenced furnish
ing the printer's devil with copy, I no
ticed that some writers, according to
their various tastes, adopted some ro

mantic, fanciful, high-sounding, weird,
mysterious or funny name by which
they introduced themselves to the
reading public. I did not inquire much
into the reasons they had for such an
absurd practice, but modesty or rather
bashfulness suggested that, while in
Rome, I should do as the Romans do.
When I sent my first roll of MSS. to
the printing-office, I felt pretty much
like the bashful young man who went
to a dancing party for the first time and
didn't know how to dance. I started
out by giving my initials, but, when I
saw them, I got terrified, and scoured
around and at last picked up a *nom de plume* which I hope that few, if
any, have become acquainted with.
Subsequently I observed that there
was a considerable number of Romans,
and of the better class, too, that were
not guilty of such a cowardly manner
of sneaking into print. They were
writers whose examples were worthy
of imitation.

Of the practice of concealing the real
name in ordinary newspaper commu
nications, and substituting some pseu
donym *nom de plume*, the first or
middle name, asterisks, figures, or let
ters, or even initials, I have this to
say: it does no good. I can think of
none. On the other hand, it is a posi
tive nuisance. There are numerous
advantages in favor of the opposite
practice of signing the full name free
ly and fearlessly. The usual, and al
most the only, plea of those who con
ceal their names is, they wish to avoid
the appearance of vanity or egotism
by modestly remaining *incognito*. The
writers may feel more or less of this
peculiar kind of modesty, but if they
would reflect a little they would see
no real necessity of making such a
sanctimonious display of that virtue.

Those letters we see in the JOURNAL,
usually begin with "Mr. Editor," but
we all know they are really addressed
to the readers of the paper. So in a
political meeting, an orator says "Mr.
President," when he has not the slight
est design of calling the attention of
that dignitary. Now if that orator
attempted to proceed without letting
his hearers know who he was, what
would be the effect? To his dying
day he would curse the man who first
invented tar and feathers and rotten
eggs. Who but a lunatic would ac
cuse him of vanity or egotism if he
allowed himself to be introduced by
his real name? Who would care to
listen to him if he tried to make a
sphinx of himself?

Merely writing the name under a
letter to a newspaper, would be no
more a manifestation of vanity than
signing the name in a letter to a pri
vate individual. It is not the name that
makes the writer seem vain, but the
matter which he writes. If he has a
good deal to say about himself he may,
sometimes, lay himself open to the
charge of egotism. But in most cases
it is unfair to accuse those of affecta
tion who put their names to what they
write, simply for the convenience of
the readers. When a friend speaks
to us face to face we have nothing to
do with the name, for we see and know
who the name represents; but when
that friend writes to us through the
newspaper we naturally desire to know
who is talking to us. Where then
would be the objection against sign
ing your own name?

If we would sign our own name, we
should be less apt to make those reck
less and indiscriminate statements,
which, too often, appear in anony
mous communications. The readers
would know exactly who to condemn
if the writer merited it. The writers,
then seeing their responsibility, would
naturally be more careful what they
write, and how they write it. This
would bring about an improvement in
the character of the communications
that appear in our papers. If a writer
wishes to advocate any particular
interest, or to criticize any particular
policy, he would, find his influence
considerably curtailed were he to cow
ardly make his attacks from behind a
nom de plume. If he would bear the
responsibility for what he says, he
would be more likely to command the
attention and respect of those he wishes
to address.

If a person already possessing great
influence should choose to hide his

name in writing articles of importance,
we would not think so well of him.
He would be depriving society of the
benefit of his influence. There is a
large class of readers who, when they
come to an article or a letter, look to
the bottom to see who wrote it, and
finding no name, pass the whole ar
ticle by in disgust. The desire to know
the name is quite natural, and to con
ceal it, is a downright imposition on
the readers. I have, myself, read many
an article signed by the man in the
moon, and wanted to know who he
was, and wondered who wrote it. But
I wanted and wondered all in vain.

While I was thus complaining about
anonymous writing, I found somebody
had been trying by some underhand
process to find out who my pseu
donym represented. In that manner I
escaped acquaintance with some very
agreeable friends. So you see we
should become better acquainted with
each other, if we would sign our name.

The best deaf-mute writers in this
country have, almost without excep
tions, signed their names to whatever
they put in print. Why can't we do
so too? What is the use of hiding
your name? It is not only useless
but silly.

That my preaching may be sanc
tioned by my practice, I now sign my
name,
D. WEBSTER GEORGE.
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 29, 1877.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS EXONORATED—"C's"
ASPERSIONS REFUTED.

The gross misstatements and mis
representations of "C." concerning the
Pilgrims, in the JOURNAL of Nov. 22d,
betray an ignorance of history such as
any school-boy ought to be ashamed of.
He has confounded the Plymouth col
ony with the Massachusetts Bay col
ony.

The latter came to this country in
1628, eight years later than the Pil
grims, and settled at Boston and Salem.
It was gathered from an entirely dif
ferent class of people. Its leaders
were men of rank, wealth and legal ac
quirements. They were descendants of
earls, gentlemen, and lord mayors.
At the time they came, Puritanism
was rising rapidly into power and con
sideration in England and was soon to
overturn the throne. The Massachu
setts company was formed in London,
and men who were "large proprietors"
embarked in the enterprise. They
were not Separatists from the estab
lished church, and some were in full
communion with it.

They had high notions of church
prerogatives and infallibility. They
encountered no hardships in emigra
tion which can be compared to those
of the Pilgrims, but came over, fifteen
hundred in a year, bringing their wealth
with them. The leader of the Massa
chusetts enterprise, before the arrival
of Winthrop, was John Endicott, a
hard, cruel, persecuting spirit. Hence
the whole bearing and temper of the
Massachusetts colony were in contrast
with those of the Plymouth; and its
spirit, from the very beginning, was
one of intolerance and persecution.

The Plymouth men naturally looked
up with deference to the Massachu
setts men; and the only time when
they swerved from their principles, was
when they followed the evil counsel
of their neighbors. This was in 1657
—60, when the excitement against
the Quakers ran high in the Massa
chusetts colony, and cruel laws were
enacted against them. Some of the
persecuted sect found their way into
the Plymouth colony, and letters came
down from Massachusetts, urging the
Pilgrim settlements to adopt the same
policy. Prince was governor. The
just and pious Bradford had gone, and
with few exceptions the first genera
tion of the Pilgrim church had passed
away. Some of the magistrates rose in
opposition to the proposed measure,
but they were overruled.

At first the Massachusetts influence
prevailed. Prince yielded to it and the
odious law was enacted. But the re
bound was sudden and universal back
to the first tolerant principles of the
colony. The odious law was blotted
out. The discarded magistrates who
opposed it were restored to favor,
among whom was a son of John Robin

son, who had imbibed Quaker prin
ciples. No blood was shed within the
Plymouth jurisdiction, and the few
punishments inflicted were more for
contempt of court than on account of
religious opinion.

When Roger Williams was banished
by the Massachusetts colony, Gov.
Winslow, of Plymouth, sought him out
to cheer and comfort him. He made a
journey from Plymouth to Providence
to take him by the hand. "That great
and precious soul Mr. Winslow," says
Williams, "melted and kindly visited
me at Providence, and put a piece of
gold into the hands of my wife for our
supply."

The Plymouth colony continued dis
tinct for seventy-two years until 1692,
when by the charter of William and
Mary it was united to the colony of
Massachusetts and Province of Maine.

"C." winds up his pleasant little fic
tions about the Pilgrims by frankly
avowing that he is proud that he has
not a drop of their blood in his veins.
Well, who would suppose anything but
mongrel blood ever went to make up
such a strange compound as he seems
to be? Nevertheless we are charmed
by the ingenuous candor with which
he admits the fact. NEMO.

PROF. JOB TURNER CLOSES HIS
SEASON'S MISSION MEETINGS IN
MAINE.

AN ADDRESS BY BISHOP NEELY.

BIDDEFORD, ME., Dec. 4, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have just
time to drop you a few lines, in the
midst of my mission trip to the South,
to inform you that I have conducted
several pleasant services in this State
within the last two weeks, and that I
closed my Maine mission work, for the
winter, last Sunday afternoon, at St.
Luke's Cathedral in Portland, where
Bishop Neely, of this diocese, was
with me at my service. He read my
sermon to the general congregation,
which I interpreted to my deaf-mute
friends, after he had got through with
them. After I was done, he read his
written address to the audience, and
requested me to read it to the deaf
mutes present, by signs, which I did.
It seems proper for me to send you
the address for publication, because I
think it good for your readers. It is
so simple and beautiful, that it can be
easily understood by them.

I am about starting for the South,
via Mexico, which place I expect to
reach on the night of the 15th inst.

Very sincerely, JOB TURNER.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

My Dear Friends:—I am most hap
py to greet you here to-day, and thank
ful that through my brother, who is
here with me, I can communicate with
you for a few moments. I regret that
I am not familiar enough with your
own expressive sign-language to speak
directly to you.

This is the fourth Sunday before
Christmas, and it is called by us *Ad
vent* Sunday, because we now begin
to prepare for the celebration of the
Advent; that is, the coming of our
Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh.

The way to be prepared for that is
to be prepared to meet the Lord at
"His second coming, when he will ap
pear in the clouds, and all the holy
angels with Him, to judge the world
in righteousness." This season of Ad
vent is, therefore, a solemn season
for God's people; for they medi
tate upon their own spiritual condi
tion, and examine themselves, and con
fess their sinfulness, "judging them
selves that they be not judged of the
Lord."

But when at length Christmas comes

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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All communications relative to the foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

The intelligent deaf-mute who has been alarmed at the numerous recent failures of life insurance companies and savings banks, and who has been in a state of grievous doubts where to put the few dollars he has, perhaps, accumulated, will feel interested to know that, in his recent report, the Secretary of the Treasury has recommended that Congress authorize the establishment of Postal Savings Banks. The prime feature of these depositories of money is that they are to be under the direct control and supervision of the United States Government, an order of things making them as secure as anything earthly can be expected to be.

The rate of interest is not to be high. It will take its complexion from the bonds of the country, which are being founded so as to give but four percent. Low interest means good security; and if once started and maintained, these banks will exercise a healthy check to individual and corporate speculation, by which millions of dollars change owners annually.

The proposed detail of system does not appear to be fixed, except in the chief feature of one grand center, presumably at Washington, of which every money-order post-office shall be a branch. A pass-book is good at any office, under this feature, the only convenience to the depositor being the delay of a few days in obtaining payment, for a branch office cannot be put to the expense of maintaining a regular banking check-at-sight business. It is not supposed that persons who use these banks, will, under ordinary circumstances, want their money every little while. It is meant particularly to be a means of safely husbanding the resources of the head of a family against death or old age.

The privileges of investment in United States Bonds, without the expense of the second and third men commission, it is expected will be an inducement by which the public debt will be distributed largely among the masses, thus bringing the people and the government nearer together, and doubtless largely influencing future suffrage, among the thrifty and industrious, in favor of just and upright rules.

The peculiar feature, as before remarked, for making the bank-book good at any office, is illustrated in the supposable case of Mr. John Doe, of Mexico, who, having \$500 on deposit, finds it to his interest to remove to California. There is no call for him to transfer his money, other than taking his bank-book along with him. The money order post-office, nearest the place he has removed to, will cash his drafts as surely as the Mexico office. To make it still plainer, his bank-book will be as good in California, or any other place, as in Mexico, just as a five dollar National bank note is good the country over.

The plan is meeting with great and unexpected popular favor, and, if Congress legislates properly, we shall soon have what there is little doubt we are in great need of.

TOO WIDE--RATHER PERSONAL.

We have a little fault to find with an article signed "Nemo" in this week's paper. The article, claiming to be a sort of refutation to certain statements contained in an article recently published in the JOURNAL, is by far too roving in character and too prolix in general. As much as it is desirable for people to air their opinions, or correct mistakes or misstatements in regard to history or current topics, we must ad-

mit that brevity is the life and beauty of newspaper correspondence; and all arguments between correspondents must be strictly confined to their respective subjects, and with no offensive personalities.

In point of style, "Nemo's" correspondence is deep and intelligent.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

In one way the experience of most deaf-mutes is sad enough indeed. We refer to their experience in expressing their thoughts and wishes in written language, and the bungling use they make of it. We do not wonder at this. There are many obstacles in the way of a deaf-mute acquiring a good use of language. We think the chief of these is a disinclination to apply the mind closely to study, and a great inclination to idle away time.

The experience of many teachers, we think, will bear us out in this statement. Doubtless many of our principals have had letters from graduates asking to be allowed to return and spend more years in schooling. But as a general thing these appeals are passed by for clear reasons. There was an abundance of time and every opportunity such as eight or ten years can give; and yet the time was spent aimlessly and most foolishly. The warnings of the teacher were unheeded, and now there is time, yes, a plenty of it, for sad reflection.

We hope that the pupils of every one of our State institutions will profit by the experience to which we have referred, and apply their minds diligently to study. In time they will find themselves amply rewarded by a good store of knowledge, and the ability to express themselves intelligibly.

A VERY SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

A very sensible letter appears in our columns of this week, under the heading "Sign your own name," the perusal of which we take pleasure in recommending to correspondents who have a mania for signing what they foolishly suppose to be gilt-edged characters to their letters instead of their own names. "What's in a name?" Certainly nothing to be ashamed of if its owner happens to be a person of sense and veracity. It is an absurdity, bordering on the ridiculous, for a correspondent of or contributor for a paper to be ashamed or too timid to sign his or her real name to such articles. Of course after all that may be said against the practice many will continue to persist in the foolish, and, in many cases, vain-glorious habit of signing to news, paper correspondence any other names but their own.

In most cases it would be credit and honor for writers to put their own names in print rather than to hunt the dictionary from fly-leaf to back cover to discover some misnomer with which to conceal the names that, at their births, were considered by their best friends good enough to be given them. It is not the alphabetic letters that comprise people's names that they need be ashamed to see in print if their actions justify good reputations. The invariable habit of using fictitious names, instead of real, is not only a manifestation of weakness, but an insult to the friends who gave the writers their names.

DESERVES HANGING.

William Merritt, alias Jones, a deaf man, employed at the Phelps Lodging House, a branch of the Children's Aid Society, at No. 314 East Thirty-fifth st., N. Y., assaulted the superintendent, G. Stoughton, and inflicted probably fatal injuries. The weapon used was a large Kehoe club, used in the gymnasium of the House. The superintendent had decided to dismiss Merritt for ill treating a little boy connected with the institution. Upon learning of this fact, Merritt went to the superintendent's office and seizing the club, struck him over the head, felling him to the floor. He then beat the prostrate man, inflicting several scalp wounds, and mutilating his face in a shocking manner. Merritt then quietly locked the door of the office, and, descending to the ground floor, carefully looked the doors leading to the street, and placed the keys in his pocket.

Several of the boys in the house hearing the noise and cries of the superintendent, rushed to the office, where Mr. Stoughton was found in a semi-unconscious condition. Dr. Bruce, an old friend of Mr. Stoughton, was called in and cared for the wounded man. He pronounced the injuries serious. At a late hour last night Mr. Stoughton was lying in a critical condition. The police are searching for Merritt.

Merritt, alias Jones, is unknown to the oldest deaf-mutes in New York, and on inquiring, we could not find who he is; so he must be a fraud or an unknown brute.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; many items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

PAOR, Kinney, of the Nebraska Institution, has written a book.

A deaf-mute is rusticated in the Jackson, Mich., prison.

Two hundred and fifty-five of the pupils of the Illinois Institution have taken the pledge.

Mrs. Charles A. Brown, of Belfast, Me., has collected \$200 in that city, for the Belfast Society.

WHAT'S in a name! Eliakim Dougherty is the latest arrival at the Minnesota Institution and is good looking, too.

WILLIAM B. Sweet, of Marblehead, Mass., has lately been an "Eye and Ear Infirmary" and had his blind eye removed.

PETER Gilmore, Jr., of Dushore, Sullivan Co., Pa., says of the Journal: "I find it all that any deaf-mute can wish it to be."

Mr. Gilmore's many friends will be pleased to learn that he has a nice wife and two children and is getting along comfortably.

While looking over the file of the *World* we found in one of the copies of July 29th the following wonderful article:

The Ohio Institution is now for sale on stereoscopic cards. Price ten cents. Kelton and Gates, Columbus, Ohio, sell them.

The Rev. Mr. Mann was obliged to cancel his appointments for services in Dayton and Cincinnati on account of illness in his family.

Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Tonn, a voluminous religious writer, was born in 1792 and died in 1846. She was deaf from the age of nine years.

We understand that Prof. J. B. McGann is stumping Canada in favor of visible speech which in him, has a hot advocate.

The *Mirror* gives out a good Thanksgiving issue, and proposes to print the bulk of Dr. Peet's report for 1876, an installment of which he prints.

A faithful employee of the Nebraska Institution was married in old country style, receiving lots of practical presents from the various officers.

A "Prof." of "well-trained canary birds," came along with several, and delighted the pupils of the Illinois Institution, on a recent Thursday evening.

It was the official force of the Minnesota Institution out at eleven o'clock at night, hunting for stray cows. They know where their breakfast cream comes from.

The Illinois Institution had some two tons of soap at a factory, valued at \$2,500, when the concern caught fire and was destroyed. They will luxuriate in dirt awhile.

Down south when a problem in arithmetic fuses folks, they send it to the West Virginia Institution for solution by the blind boys, and generally get the correct answer.

Mr. J. J. Jordan, a graduate of the New York Institution, now residing at Jackson, Michigan, recently moved into his own house, in the neighborhood in which Mr. Kerr lives.

Visible Speech being introduced into the West Virginia Institution, the natives were astonished, and have flocked to the school in large numbers to see how the machine works.

The Ohio Institution is now connected by the Western Union wire, with all parts of the world, a fact that will be appreciated by the delegates to the convention there next August.

WILLIAM EMMETT, one of the first deaf-mutes that attended school at Hartford, was in New York a few days ago. His hair is knotted with gray, while his beard is nearly white.

The Nebraska Institution cook, waiting eggs, sent two of the small girls to hunt for some. They returned without a dozen, which, when cracked, turned out to be porcelain nest eggs.

MOSKOWE Gardner, a deaf-mute, while walking on the track of the Boston, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, near Evans' Mills, N. Y., was struck by an express train and instantly killed.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to come west soon. He can give only from the 14th to the 25th of next January to points in Mr. Mann's missionary field. He may spend Sunday, the 26th, in St. Louis.

The pupils of the Central New York Institution had a very nice Thanksgiving dinner; and in the evening a magic lantern delighted them immensely, and divided its honors with the social union that followed.

When the mail at the West Virginia Institution gets delayed a day, they turn their thoughts to the mails of their grand daddies, and wonder how the old gentlemen got along in those uncertain postal times.

They had a heavy snow storm in Nebraska recently, and when it had cleared up, lo! one of the institution hogs was missing. Search failed to discover him, till a big snow drift parted and hoggie came forth.

The champion fraud out west is Charles A. Nute. He sent the JOURNAL a letter, many thousands of "cens" in length, and which was published as a sort of news-letter. Now we find he has sent the Advance an epistle, almost verbatim.

It is not very generally known that a deaf person once held the office of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Governor's Horse Guards, in Louisiana. He, David M. Phillips, was taught at Groningen, by the articulation method, we believe.

EDOUARD Baron de Montbrun, was a deaf person. He was a distinguished linguist, and held the position of secretary interpreter to the minister of foreign affairs, in France. He left a library of 60,000 volumes to the city of Rouen.

SOME one desires to ask what may be said in regard to the placing of counterfeit money in the offerings at divine service, willfully, and with full knowledge of the nature of the stuff so placed. Is it not an insult to God, first, and decency also?

It is not very generally known that one of the Braidwoods started a small school for deaf-mutes somewhere in Virginia some years before the Hartford school came into existence. But being of intemperate habits, he was unable to long carry on the school.

The world may or may not be interested to know that the time is Thanksgiving day, with the turkey comfortably browning in the oven, while the Itemizer man perched with feet on a foot-rest and the last Atlantic for a desk, writing this paragraph and some others.

MARION M. Littleton, an Ohio deaf-mute, is evidently misnamed. He works in a nail factory; in fact has been there six years. His little wages are \$2.50 per day, and they evidently justify a recent venture of his, viz: taking a wife from the southern deaf-mute beauties.

One of the officers of the State of Arkansas, many years ago, was Mr. Woodward. He was deaf, and was educated at one of the German schools, by the articulation method. He was a good writer, and owned a good large collection of books. He died some years ago.

It is on record, that when the man of the house awakens from midnight slumber, roused not by the cooling notes of a couple of melodious cats in

the back yard, but by the lusty lungs of the heir of a very deaf couple living alone in the next house, he sitteth up in bed and sweareth.

SPEAKING of legacies, &c., the *Mirror* man quotes: "To those that have shall be given." We feel like finishing it--

"Yea by the cross,
To the rich man fate sends gold,
To the poor man loss on loss."

"The will of a Mr. Kelly, of New York, donating \$5,000 to the New York Institution, got into the hands of the lawyers and bade fair to be eaten up; but Judge Donohue recently decided that the will stand, and the Institution gets its legacy. Couldn't that 10 per cent. reduction of salaries be restored?"

"CATS born 7,300 feet above sea level are deaf," says one of those matter-of-fact old scientists. Whenever cats covet themselves at a less elevation, it's the average owner of a house with back yard attachment that wishes himself deaf, or prays for something to happen to the cat.—*Brooklyn Times*.

MR. and Mrs. J. R. Cotton, of Chicago, gave a very pleasant Thanksgiving party at their residence. Among those who met to extend congratulations, were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McCarty, Edward Kingdon, Miss Mary Buell, recently from Buffalo, N. Y., Miss M. Bonheim, and others. Dancing and social converse were the enjoyments of the evening.

When the winter of their hope is past and gone and smiling but little spring announces the adjournment of the legislature, and those connected with an institution for the deaf are discovered gazing crest-fallen at the meagre array of figures constituting the aggregate of their annual appropriation, let them remember that in the cold country of Sweden, the *per capita* is only \$25.

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "don't you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?" "Why, hem!—why, certainly, madame," replied the doctor, "it's owing to the fact that they came into the world without speech!" "Le, me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to have a physic education. I've read my old man more'n a hundred times that 'ar' same thing."

JOSEPH L. Clemens, a watchman, for nine years at the New York Institution, says he is advancing in years, has laid up a snug sum of money, and would like to become acquainted with our readers of the female persuasion, in order to find one who will accept his hand, as he is still unmarried.

Ladies, there is a chance for some one to find an arm to lean on before the icy walls of this winter are a thing of the past, and there is a nice pile of money to incline towards, besides.

We will be very much obliged to Mr. I. T. White, of Jackson, Michigan, who has in his possession an interesting history of that State, if he will send us the story of the deaf-mute son of Cheesaning, an Indian chief who lived many years ago in the then territory of Michigan. This son distinguished himself greatly by his daring, as a hunter and scout. Could not Mr. White take a copy of it? Our readers would doubtless be greatly interested to read this story.

A doctor from St. Paul visited the Minnesota Institution and carefully examined the ears of all the new comers, pronouncing them hopelessly deaf now; but he startlingly adds that some might have been cured, had treatment been commenced in season. The golden period has passed for them, however. In examining the blind department he found two who he thought he could benefit; he tried and was successful, and they are no longer blind. A third case was only partially successful.

A young Roman made a discovery the other day. He was joggling along, with a tin pail swinging in a well-mannered hand, when he happened to observe a couple of professors of the Central New York Institution talking on a corner dividing their ways. He stopped, and stared, of course, at the pantomime and dactylography, and when one of them turned and went down his street and the other tarried to pull on his gloves, the little urchin yelled after the retreating professor: "Mister, say, I say, Mister, Hello! He wants you. Wa-n-t-s y-o-u. Stop!" But the deaf-mute professor of deaf-mutes turned not.

Messrs. J. W. Conklin, B. B. Lloyd, E. A. Hodgson, Professors in the Washington Heights Deaf and Dumb Institute, and themselves deaf-mutes, and Dr. G. P. Robinson went on a fishing excursion from Babylon, L. I., in the yacht Jennie Barry, Captain G. P. Arnold, a few days ago. They anchored off East Island and tried "chumming" for blue fish, but without success. Finally Mr. Hodgson hooked two fish, supposed to be sharks. Both times his line broke. Then Mr. Lloyd hooked one, but found the fish too strong for him. The captain ran to help him, and the two succeeded in bringing the shark to the surface near the side of the boat. The captain then struck it on the head with a boat-hook, and the shark as soon as struck darted away, the captain paying out the line until the shark paused, when it was drawn slowly and carefully back, this operation being repeated twice. The next time Dr. Robinson struck the shark on the head with a hatchet, making a deep gash about three inches long. Again when he came to the surface he was struck with the hatchet, which caused him to turn over on his back. Then the boat-hook was thrust into his mouth, and the captain and Dr. Robinson, lifted him into the yacht. When measured he was found to be seven feet seven inches long with teeth an inch long, and his weight was estimated at about three hundred pounds. After lying on the bow of the yacht a few minutes, he having ceased struggling, all but the captain walked away, when, by a tremendous effort, the shark leaped clear of the yacht, and, although doubtless mortally wounded, escaped.

APRON FESTIVAL.

The Ladies of Grace Church, at Mayo Hall, on Wednesday night, the 19th inst., will give a public entertainment of a novel character; exposing for sale a great variety of Aprons, the work of their own fingers—ladies' aprons, babies' aprons, children's aprons, kitchen aprons, masonic aprons, aprons for butchers, carpenters, butlers, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, carpenters, and compositors; accompanied with an Oyster Supper, such as the Grace Church ladies know how to prepare, and the Mexico public to appreciate. Entrance free, ten cents.

Come one, come all,
Both great and small,
On Wednesday night, to Mayo Hall!
The aprons are neat,
Come and buy them;
The oysters are sweet,
Come and buy them!
How can you better spend your time?
Where can you better bestow your dime?
The object is worthy—the work is sublime,
To tarry at home were a sissy's crime.
Are you coming? Then how will I finish my rhyme?

Was It Suicide or Murder?

THE DEATH OF MICHAEL AHERN.

Michael Ahern, of No. 285 Mott st., a deaf-mute who some time since was suffering from some complaint which he learned would be effectually cured by a patent medicine. He procured some of it at a drug store in the neighborhood, but the nostrum had the effect of so weakening him that he had to be removed to the Roosevelt Hospital, where he died.—*N. Y. Herald*.

In actual life, as in the sublime dramas of Shakespeare, we often find tragedy and comedy brought together in the closest, albeit the most incongruous, association.

The story of the death of Michael Ahern is one of the saddest tragedies.

A foolish and high-spirited man, resenting the authority of his family and forfeiting by his impulsive temper the affection of his friends, went out from the friendly roof that gave him shelter and, in a wrong, if not frenzy of despair, procured some medicine from a careless and ignorant druggist, and lay down in the unknown field to die.

In this sad story there is only room for sorrow, and a natural feeling of indignation against the druggist who disregarded the wise safeguards which the law has thrown around the sale of such medicines to prevent, as far as possible, the occurrences of just such tragedies.

With the appearance of a competent person at an inquest of this character, the element of comedy would be introduced in such shape as would have compelled the stricken mourners to smile through their tears. With a pompous self-appreciation, in ridiculous contrast with the druggist's confessed ignorance of the legal restrictions of his trade, he would turn up his nose at the honorable calling by which he earns a livelihood, stating that he never attached his name to his medicine labels, because he did not wish a patronymic that had been enrolled among the students of a medical college to be sullied by association with a common drug store.

The contempt with which the ignorant druggist regards his trade as having no parallel, except in Dick, the apprentice, aspiring soul, who immortalized himself by the famous protests: "Make an apothecary of me! the devil!" But the farcical aspect of the pretensions avowed by the ignorant druggist should not permit us to forget the culpable negligence and disregard of the law.

The druggist seems to have accepted Ahern's complaints, and sold him the patent medicine without complying with a single one of the requirements by which law, and the long-established custom of pharmacy, has fenced about the sale of patent medicines before tested. A few questions put to Ahern and a few answers might have given the druggist an inkling of the true state of the case, and enabled him to have given Michael Ahern the judicious counsel which he seemed to have lacked.

It is evident from the remorse which the unfortunate man exhibited after he had taken the irretrievable step that led him to a final end, no chance was afforded him, and the precaution of taking his name and address seemed to have been neglected, and he was permitted to go forth unhindered to consummate the wrong purpose. The druggist's neglect of ordinary precautions was so manifest and glaring that we feel strongly tempted to make the case an exception to the rule which propriety dictates.

We must, however, like true Bohemians and scribblers, tell what we really know of the unfortunate Ahern.

He was educated at the New York Institution. He was at the ripe age of 37, and bid fair to be a fine man, notwithstanding his ill-fated blessing which deprived him of his speech and hearing. He was a communicant at St. Ann's Church, New York. In September he was taken ill and removed to the hospital, but sufficiently recovered to enable him to leave the bed of sickness and resume his religious devotions. Taking a seat in the church on Sunday previous to the fatal Wednesday, he was noticed by a good number of his friends. On leaving the church he met our correspondent and complained of feeling quite ill, and remarked that he had purchased the best medicine from a drug store. The next day he took the medicine and was so feeble that he was, by the advice of the authorities, removed to Roosevelt Hospital, and on Wednesday, Nov. 21st, at 5 o'clock, he breathed his last and ascended to that "bourne whence no traveler returns." Having departed, the authorities of the hospital sent word to the relatives, and his body was placed in a coffin and borne to St. Ann's Church, where Rev. John Chamberlain officiated at one o'clock, Friday, following.

As his family were of the Catholic denomination, his brother insisted on his burial in Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, which was conceded.

We must not, and we can not let this matter pass unnoticed, in the matter of Michael Ahern. We must condemn the druggist in the first place, and then the authorities, and finally the church authorities for allowing the corpse to go unnoticed to its resting place. Probably Ahern had taken the medicine to destroy his life, or, perhaps, his relatives were tired of taking care of the invalid, and suggested that the druggist give him wrong medicine so as to put an end to the trouble and misery. Why had not the hospital authorities made a *post mortem* before allowing the body to be taken away? Why did not the coroner examine the matter? We think it judicious that his body be exhumed and examined, to ascertain what the real cause was.

Dr. Gallaudet's Western Appointments.

DETROIT, Michigan,	Jan. 15, 1878.
St. John's Church,	
ANN ARBOR, Michigan,	" 16, "
St. Andrew's Church,	
JACKSON, Michigan,	" 17, "
St. Paul's Church,	
NILES, Michigan,	" 18, "
Trinity Church,	
St. Louis, Missouri,	" 20, "
Christ Church,	
JACKSONVILLE, Ill.,	" 21, "
Trinity Church,	
JOLIET, Illinois,	" 22, "
Christ Church,	
CHICAGO, Illinois,	" 23, "
St. James' Church,	
CLEVELAND, Ohio,	" 25, "
Grace Church,	

The deaf-mute friends living at the above-named points can do a favor by making the notices as much known as possible, by correspondence and otherwise. There may be many living at a distance who would be pleased to attend.

THE DEAF-MUTES' SOCIABLE.

The above entertainment, to be held in Mayo Hall, in this village, will take place Friday evening, January 11th, 1877. For sufficient good reasons it has been postponed to the 11th, instead of coming off on the 9th, as announced last week. No other postponement may be expected. Let all remember the date.

A night of rare entertainment will be afforded—a fine opportunity for the reunion of friends and the formation of new acquaintances.

Our village is easy of access by railroad from all directions.

The citizens of our place are well known for their ability in getting up good social and festive entertainments, and extra efforts will be used to make this equal to the best.

Refreshments will be provided, which cannot fail to meet the demands of the hungry and fully satisfy the delicate palates of the most dainty, and will be furnished at moderate rates.

There will be music of a rare order to delight the ears of the hearing, and dancing for both them and the deaf-mutes, and there will be choice and amusing plays and pastimes worthy of high appreciation.

From week to week we shall give more particulars, and will as soon as possible publish a programme, as near as may be, for the night's entertainment.

Mrs. Yeomans, of Canada, will deliver a temperance lecture in the M. E. Church, of this village, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Yeomans delivered a lecture before a large and appreciative audience, at the Thousand Island Camp-meeting, last summer, and those who heard her, speak in very flattering terms of her ability as a temperance lecturer. All who attend may expect a rich, intellectual treat on the above-named subject.

The lecture will be given under the auspices of the Rechabite Tent of this village. The Tent will turn out as a body, in regalia. No admittance fee will be charged, or collection taken.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spring \$6.80 Red 7.20 White 8.00
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail) 1.30
Shorts, ½ lb, 1.00
Shipplings, ½ ton, 20.00
Middlings, ½ ton, 24.00
Corn, 70
Oats, 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter,	15 @ 20
Loose Butter,	12 @ 18
Cheese,	11 @ 13
Lard,	10
Eggs, ½ dozen,	20
Beef, ½ lb,	05 @ 12½
Beef, ½ cwt,	\$4 @ 6
Mutton, ½ cwt,	\$6 @ 6
Pork, ½ barrel, retail,	\$15
Pork, ½ cwt,	\$5 @ 5½
Apples, (dried) ½ lb,	04
Hann, ½ lb,	11½
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb,	8 @ 10
Potatoes, ½ bush,	35 @ 40
Beef Hides, ½ lb,	5 @ 6

Local Paragraphs.

We have not heard the gobble of a turkey since Thanksgiving.

W. H. Ballou is at Evanston, Illinois, studying for the ministry.

The boys enjoyed some good skating last week, and are anxious for more.

Mr. Lewis Miller is preparing, as fast as possible, for his Oratorio Entertainment.

Mrs. C. H. Lewis, of Adams Center, recently visited friends in this town and village.

Miss Nellie Jones, of Sand Hill, has gone to Saratoga county to spend the winter with friends.

Have you been invited to Christmas and New Year's suppers? We haven't and don't expect to be.

The holidays are fast approaching, and the merchants begin to realize it by an increase in their trade.

Don't be around suffering with damp, cold feet when Parkhurst or Croft are selling over-shoes and rubbers for almost nothing.

Mrs. J. B. Driggs' fine collection of rare and beautiful house plants and flowers, in the bay-window, are very much admired.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway delivered a lecture in the M. E. Church, last Friday evening, before the Teachers' Association.

The sleighing, though not very good, that we have been favored with for the past few days has made traveling and business in the village quite brisk.

Henry Ball, of this village, who has been for several months seriously afflicted with rheumatism, is confined to the house and suffering much from that disease.

The mother and a sister of Rev. J. Q. Adams, of Rochester, have lately been visiting Mr. Adams and his family in this family in this village. They left for home last Monday morning.

There

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

A BROTHER'S CRIME!

EDITOR JOURNAL:—John is his name. George is his name too. George is younger than John, but John has more brains than George. George is not married, but John is, and has two children, one a girl about five years, and the other a baby of about two months. George and John are deaf and dumb, but Henry, the third brother, is not. It was a short time ago when George bought a liquor store, and placed Henry behind the bar of his rum-hole. George also climbed behind the bar. Wednesday, Nov. 28th, 1877, was the sad day. On that day William Carroll and Henry Karcher with another deaf-mute (his name I have forgotten), entered George's gin-mill and all three with George and Henry began to drink freely. And all day they did drink. John, in the afternoon, entered his brother's dram-shop and all went as merry as a rumseller could entertain his customers. And the devil was there. But Jesus, it may be said, was at John's delicate wife's side and comforted her and her two children. The little baby innocently slept. Drink after drink, they went on till Henry and George got drunk, and so all were drunk. A mistake occurred in the exchange of dimes, George being in the wrong. John tried to settle; Carroll got angry, and rose and struck Henry two powerful blows in the face. Carroll is a strong man. Henry got mad. A fight was then had all around. All fought, all were drunk, all broke things, and all made things lively. A rumseller's bucket-shop in a panic! In rushed six policemen, and all except one or two were arrested. All gone to jail! All gone to be punished! All gone to be taught a lesson! George and Henry became complainants and the rest became defendants. All were brought before a magistrate. The following interrogations ensued:

Judge—"What have you to say?" Change and counter charge was made, and the Judge got puzzled. No charge indeed! And all were let loose. All went to the "rum-hole" and tasted of more glasses. John's wife was waiting. The hour eleven struck and no footsteps were heard. The clock struck one in the morning and still the poor wife was disappointed. An hour after, the door opened and in entered the ever-drunk John. Wife's tears shed! Children slept pleasantly. John quarrels with his wife. Children awakened by his noise, and cry. Jesus stands with the poor, feeble wife of John. George gets home, and falls fast asleep. His snoring can be heard, and his breath makes his room smell like a brewery! The other boys go on "all right," drink and sing "we'll not go home till morning." George rises in the morning and counts the money he earned from his brother and which his wife needs for food and clothing. George goes back to his rum-hole. John gets up and goes to work with a "sore head." The wife sits all day fearing anxious that George will sell to John more poison. John goes about as usual, and it will be some day, when he will get drunk and be killed, or will kill his wife and be hung on the gallows. George will be the whole cause. NEW YORK EYE-WITNESS.

ACCEPTABLE PREACHING—SOME QUERIES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I understand that Mr. Job Turner has just closed his mission in Maine for the winter, and left us for good. In spite of opposition and other obstacles, he has labored patiently and faithfully for the spiritual welfare of his fellow deaf-mutes so widely scattered over so large a territory as Maine. Notwithstanding his errors, which he may have made in his labors, he is justly entitled to the gratitude and admiration of the Maine mutes.

There is no preacher residing in Maine. In Massachusetts there are seven mute preachers. I wish to call your attention to the following fact. In Massachusetts a religious society or two made attempts to raise five or six thousand dollars, the interest of which they intend to use for providing a very few members with preaching, lectures, and papers. Is there not rather too much selfishness in such an enterprise? What is to become of the fund, if the members have to leave the city, as it is not a manufacturing town, I would like to know? Why, there is a lot of mutes in several towns where preaching cannot be had. Is the hint sufficient? Truly, Mr. Job Turner has obeyed the Divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

UNKNOWN.

Belfast, Me., Dec. 8, 1877.

REV. A. W. MANN IN CHICAGO.

MR. EDITOR:—I believe I have got an item at last.

Nothing unusual occurred in our little deaf-mute community on Thanksgiving day that I am aware of. The mutes, as usual, made war on turkey at home.

After an absence of nearly two months Rev. A. W. Mann made his appearance in our city again, and held morning and afternoon services in St. James' Church. Out of a community of more than thirty educated deaf-mutes, only three attended the morning service. This little fold was made up of a couple residing 20 miles out in the country, and the writer, who lives in the city.

This may be taken as a fair sample of the interest taken in religious matters by the mutes of this city, and of their appreciation of generous efforts in their behalf.

As many of them are readers of the JOURNAL, I would like to try to give a synopsis of the admirable sermon Mr. Mann preached for their especial benefit. He took for his text Matthew vi-xii, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He said that he understood that the word "evil" referred to the evil one. He next said that all of us are prone to fall into temptation and to yield to the blandishments of our great and subtle enemy, the evil one. There are none of us free from sin, none pure, none perfect, none holy, none righteous save Christ alone.

Christ was sent into the world to share our weakness and difficulties, and to be subject to temptation like the rest of us, and also to show us how to resist temptation, and, in spite of all the evil one could do, to maintain a life of spotless purity. If he had not done this, His mission would have been a sad failure; He would have lived, suffered and died all in vain. Most people, when they see others fall into temptation, think it nothing strange, knowing, as they do, it is the result of weakness common to us all; but when a man of prominence, who has sustained a character for uprightness of character, falls, it becomes the common talk and wonder of the hour. Criticisms of a harsh and unpleasant nature are passed upon him. Men have their faith badly shaken; they are ready to despair. They ask, if such good men cannot resist temptation, how can others with less strength of character? We should remember that we are all brothers in weakness and misfortune with the same liability to err, and we should have the same charity for the failings of others as we would hope to have for our own.

Remember that the Bible extols charity as the greatest virtue. When we see so many falling around us we should remain steadfast in faith, and hope on for the better times that are to come. In this brief prayer our Savior has taught us, we ask our Father to lead us not into temptation, thereby confessing our weakness and our dependence upon Him. Our Father has given us the means wherewith to resist temptation. We have a will, and we only have to exercise it to make the tempter flee. He has implanted within us an abhorrence of sin. Our conscience hates it. Still, with all these weapons, we are not strong enough to battle with temptation. We must ask Divine assistance and protection.

"God helps them that help themselves." Most of these falls are the result of not making any energetic resistance to temptation in the first place. It is the result of dallying with the tempter, instead of sternly and instantly rejecting him. Many a young man after yielding to temptation here a little and there a little until he is hopelessly ruined in character, has had plenty of time later in life to reflect at leisure and to experience the pangs of keenest regret and bitterest remorse at his dissolute career, and to think, alas too late, how happy he might be if he had begun and continued to emphatically say no to the tempter.

As an illustration of the effect of not saying no decidedly and at once, Mr. Mann said he could easily pick from actual experience of young men examples like the following: Here is a young man who has lived a life of innocence. He has good parents, was well taught in the rules of morality and piety; was surrounded by many warm, admiring friends, and had one constant friend and companion from his childhood. Now in an evil hour this chosen friend tempts him with the gay cup that lures to destruction. He makes a faint attempt to decline, raises a few slight scruples, and tries to be easy with his friend for fear of wounding his feelings. He struggles with his conscience; it says oh! no, don't, don't! No! No! keeps ris-

ing to his mouth seeking utterance on his lips. He stands trembling. At last, making one strong effort, he drowns the cries of the "still small voice," and yields. He's gone. The liquor rises to his brain. Down he falls. One crime follows another until he wakes up to find himself standing by the gallows awaiting his awful doom. He has lost his friends, his reputation and all save his soul, which God in his mercy will not turn away. How bitterly he says: "Ah! had I but said no, how different might it be now."

Mr. Mann then drew another terrible picture of desolation brought on by yielding to temptation, just a little now and just a little then until the heart becomes steeled and the voice of conscience hushed.

There was once a gentleman in a certain State at the head of a happy family, surrounded by all the comforts of life, and by everything that would make a home beautiful. He was widely respected, and was doing a prosperous business. Our sly enemy, choosing one of his companions for the agent, tempted him, by slow degrees overcame his scruples, and at last persuaded him to commit the crime of forgery. Nobody knew it; nobody saw it. By and by the tempter came again and again; there was another forgery and still another, until at last he was detected, arrested, imprisoned, tried and sent to the penitentiary. The awful news came to his loving wife; her mind broke down, and she was sent to the asylum for the insane. His beautiful, bright, cultivated children were scattered here and there. That happy home was broken up by his not saying "no" at the start. The poor man is now within the gloomy walls pining away in unavailing sorrow. He may be either sorry for his sin, or he may be sorry that he was caught, but in either case he might not be there had he but said no.

The bondage of sin is wound around us stealthily while we let it go on in silent and indifferent neglect. It may at first be a frail thread which we might easily break asunder, but it is wound around our wrists again and again until it assumes such strength that it is beyond our power to escape. Had we at the start made energetic resistance we would now be better off.

We should exercise the will which God has given us, and we will be less liable to fall.

Mr. Mann gave other illustrations of the effect of not being on the watch for the tempter's snares. He referred to the career of W. M. Tweed, and to that of Joe Davis, a mute, now in the Ohio Penitentiary for murder. He exhorted us to be warned by their fate, and choose the right path. He made a beautiful illustration of how one may, by exercising a little will at the start, choose a course that leads to happiness, or one that leads to misery.

He said there was a mountain in California that sloped on one side towards the Atlantic ocean, and on the other towards the Pacific. A drop of water falling from above on the summit where the two slopes meet would fall just a little on one side or the other according to how just a little force is exerted to make it go one way or the other. If it falls just a little on the Pacific slope it finds its way into the Pacific ocean, or if it falls on the other it goes to the Atlantic. So, often may we choose our course. Say no to temptation whenever it comes and all will be well.

Mr. Mann preached again in the afternoon to eight deaf-mutes. He left for his home in Cleveland immediately afterward. He will be back here in about a month. D. W. GEORGE.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1877.

The opening of the regular session of Congress was a tame affair, and had not sufficient attraction to fill the galleries. There was no fight over a speaker. The disappointed aspirants for various positions, worried out by the demands of boarding-house keepers, who know just how and where to present their bills, had returned to their homes to meditate upon the uncertainties of life, consoling themselves with the thought that Republics are ungrateful.

At 12:45 o'clock the reading of the President's message had commenced. His views on the "silver question," and resumption was a bomb-shell in the camp of the friends of hard money, and the anti-resumptionists. So the President and the Secretary of the Treasury are in full accord upon these subjects. The administration may be understood as fully committed to a conservative financial policy. Civil service, in annual messages and in party platforms read well, but those who daily see its operations are convinced that no patent has yet been

secured upon this new political theorem. The President discussed the subject of our commercial interests and the necessity of enlarging our shipping facilities for the export of our domestic productions. This is the Nation's open highway to future prosperity, and demands the early attention of Congress.

The Pacific RR. Companies owe the Government \$64,523,572. The Union and Central Pacific are fully able to meet their portion of this liability. Their net earnings last year were \$15,649,697.31, paying 8 per cent. on capital, and 6 per cent. interest on bonded debt. The net earnings of the Northern Pacific were \$533,598.03. The road is now running 450 miles west of Duluth and 105 miles east from Teconis, Washington Territory. The net earnings of all these roads to the present time has exceeded over \$90,000,000.

The financial views of the message meet with general commendation.

'Tis not all gold that glitters. Col. J. W. Polk, door-keeper of the House, found himself environed in a sea of difficulties. Anxious for the position, he promised everybody a place, and he has fulfilled these pledges so faithfully that in seven weeks he has drawn an excess of \$4,800 more than the total placed at his disposal. An immediate stepping down and out will be the result. His most formidable competitor in the late contest, arrived in town last evening and claims the position.

Mr. Harrison, of Illinois, has introduced a bill to revive the odious "income tax." Does he propose to have the Government give another turn to the great wheel of misfortunes that spread like a pall over the whole land? Is it so vastly important that the Secretary of the Treasury shall be able each month, to report the national debt reduced a million or two from monies wrung from overburdened and struggling communities? This generation has fully met the demands made upon it. This debt should be funded in a fifty year bond, at a low rate of interest, payment to be made in future years when our vast domain from ocean to ocean shall be the homes of other millions.

Judge Humphreys refuses to surrender Senator Patterson to the authorities of South Carolina, and the Senate will institute a searching investigation of the charges against him. Meanwhile the Senator has an offer of \$2,000 for twenty lectures to be delivered in the northern cities, on the various phases of the Southern question.

In the seven weeks of extra session 1,800 bills were introduced, printed and referred to committees. Two only were passed. Some enthusiast in political economy may put the question: Did it pay?

The visitor at the Capitol notes the constant changes being made in the grounds. The lawns are now covered with a thick mat of Kentucky blue grass.

The death rate among public journals in Washington is most marvelous. Since 1790, 230 newspapers have been started, and flourished for a longer or a shorter time. Only 17 of the list survive, while all the others are hidden in the journalistic graveyard. In place of this mortality a new daily, (The Post), and a new Sunday paper launched out on the unknown (?) future, the former endorsed by the Democratic members of the House.

FAX.

Job Turner Visiting at Newburyport.

NEWBURYPORT, Dec. 5, 1877.

MR. DEAR MR. RIDER:—I think it proper to begin this letter by saying that I first wended my way from the ancient asylum at Hartford, to Virginia, thirty-eight years ago, to-day.

I am now staying at the house of Prof. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood, from both of whom I received a warm welcome on my return from Maine, in which State I was engaged in my mission work for about two weeks.

Night before last I was at a pleasant soiree, which the deaf-mutes of Biddeford gave me.

I was the guest of Mr. John W. Page, in that place, who always welcomed me to stay at his home.

Last night I enjoyed nice company, at this house, which was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dearing, of Saco, who are now visiting their friends in this place, which gave birth to Mrs. Dearing, whose maiden name was Miss Hannah S. Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Poor invited me to spend last night with them which I did. Mr. Poor, fortunately, has a comfortable house of his own, through industry and economy. He is doing well. He has lost two sons, by death, one of whom died and was buried in the Pacific Ocean very far from Callas, Peru. He has one speaking daughter.

I had the pleasure of calling on my good friends Misses. Coffin and Richardson, and found them in good health and fine spirits. I enjoyed a good conversation with them. I wish you could have been with me at this pleasant talk. Truly do I hope that everything will continue to go on smoothly for many years.

It seems proper for me to say a word about Mrs. Atwood's three deaf and dumb cousins, Moody Adams and his two sisters, Edna and Sarah. Though Moody is unfortunately an uneducated deaf-mute, of 87 years, he has always acted like a speaking fellow in all respects. He is a miller, and does his business well. He is said to have saved many persons from drowning. His two sisters are both semi-mutes. I wish I could go and see them this morning, but as time presses me, I must soon take the cars for Salem and Boston.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN TURNER.

WHO WANTS TO GET MARRIED?

NEW YORK INST. FOR DEAF-MUTES.

December 5, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you allow me to introduce into your paper a few words in regard to myself?

I am a watchman at this institution, and have held that position for nearly nine years. I want it to be known to your female readers that I am fast advancing in age and, being unmarried, would like to know who will accept my hand in marriage. I have laid up, in bank, a handsome sum of money.

JOSEPH L. CLEMENS.

STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WOMEN.

TO BE OPENED ON JANUARY 1—MAGNITUDE AND CONVENIENCE OF THE APPOINTMENTS.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The Working Women's Hotel, on Fourth avenue, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, founded by the late Alexander T. Stewart, and left unfinished by him, has been brought to completion and will be ready for occupancy on or before the 1st of January. Two million dollars have been devoted to the object, without expecting any pecuniary return. It is not a charity, however, for it is expected that the hotel will be self-sustaining. Between \$4 and \$5 a week will be charged for lodging and board. If it is found, on trial, that the rates charged will sustain the hotel and leave a surplus, the prices will be reduced. On the other hand, if the expenses average above \$5 a week for each guest, the extra expense will be furnished by the estate.

The building is massive in proportions and style of architecture. It covers sixteen lots, is seven stories high and a little more than two hundred feet square. The floors of the first three stories are of marble and of the other stories of hard wood, laid on iron and cement. Brick walls separate every second room and the partitions are made of iron joist, iron laths and plaster. The building is considered to be absolutely fire-proof. The immense size of the hotel is indicated by the number of private rooms—502. Of these 115 are double and 30 by 16 feet in dimension, the others being half the size. Thirteen thousand yards of Axminster, Wilton and Brussels carpets have been required for the floors. Each room has separate heating and gas fixtures, hot and cold water, and wires connecting with the kitchen, office and janitor. The rooms are all excellently lighted. There is an abundance of bath rooms.

A court in the center of the building is paved and ornamented with flowers. Due attention has been given to the social and literary needs of the guests. A grand parlor, 16 feet high, and 55 by 100 feet, and several reception rooms have been elegantly furnished. The library and reading room, of the same size as the parlor, has already 2,500 volumes on its shelves, and will be furnished with the best daily journals and periodical literature. Many fine works of art, paintings and statuary, will adorn the halls and parlors. It is stated that grounds to be purchased to provide a garden in the rear of the hotel.

The hotel will accommodate 1,000 boarders, but a magnificent kitchen, under the charge of the cook at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, will have the facilities for cooking for 5,000 people. The regular boarders, 600 at a time, can be accommodated in the main dining-room, 55x100, and 16 feet high. On the ground floor, on the Thirty-second street side, there is a large room, 17x60 feet, where cooked food will be supplied to day boarders at cost price, but the food is not to be eaten on the premises. It is expected that 4,000 women can be thus accommodated as day boarders. The hotel

will be independent of gas companies and public water-works. There are five steam elevators, besides numerous stairways. Strict social regulations will be maintained, as at every first-class hotel. The superintendents will be women.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—A \$350,000 fire occurred in Louisville, Ky., on the 8th inst.

—A bill to re-establish income tax has lately been introduced in the House.

—Charles Herwig, an aged man, fell dead in a street car, in New York, on the 4th inst.

—The Montreal City Council has decided to pay the volunteers for their services last July.

—Dr. Jean Baptist Philippe, a well-known French physician and medical writer, recently died, aged 65 years.

—The bridge over the Scioto river, near Chillicothe, was destroyed by fire, on the morning of the 4th inst. Loss \$50,000.

—A homeless woman, supposed to be Mary Hennessy, committed suicide at Newark, N. J., by drowning in the Morris canal.

—The grand jury for the Court of Oyer and Terminer, in New York, presented a batch of 80 indictments, on the 4th inst.

—The will of the late Walter Bowne, of New York, has been admitted to probate. The estate amounts to nearly \$5,000,000.

—Colonel Robert Taylor, of Montgomery, Ala., a son of ex-President Tyler, died Monday evening, Dec. 3d, of paralysis of the brain.

—Mr. J. S. Morgan, the American banker in London, has subscribed \$500 to the Seventh Regiment (New York city) New armory fund.

—Three men, named Carroll, Quigley, and Martin were instantly killed, on the evening of Dec. 4th, near Rockaway, N. J., by the caving in of an iron mine.

—William Brushell, the mulatto who killed John Donovan, of Norwich, N. Y., last February, in a quarrel about rent, was recently convicted of manslaughter in the fourth degree.

—Panama celebrated her independence, on the last four days of November and the first day of December, with salutes, illuminations, speeches, bull fights, masquerades, horse-races, fireworks, &c.

—The Hudson County Democrat of Hoboken, N. J., was lately sold to Messrs. Bayer and Kaufmann, of the Journal, for \$5,000. There is now but one paper in Hoboken.

—Tom Allen, formerly of America, and Jack Knifton, of Manchester, will have a matched fight, in England, in about three weeks, for £200 a side, and the championship of the world.

—James Devlin, aged 17, who killed John Betz, a car driver, in Brooklyn, pleaded guilty to the indictment of manslaughter, and was sentenced to the Kings County Penitentiary for four years.

—Mrs. Jane Bosburg died in New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 17th, aged 101 years, and was buried at Hackensack, N. J. Mrs. Bosburg was married at the age of 15, and became a widow at 70.

—Benjamin E. Hale, a paper merchant in Park place, New York, and a conspicuous leader in the Brooklyn temperance movement, died on the 4th inst., at his residence, 540 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, aged 68 years.

—Blondin began his tight-rope performances in 1858, since which time he has made 3,000 ascensions, the average height of the cord being something less than 100 feet, and the distance he has thus perilously traveled total 2,500 miles.

—The Newark (N. J.) Morning Courier, F. F. Paterson proprietor, suspended publication on the 4th inst. The employes refused to work until paid nearly \$1,000 which was due them. The paper will be continued as a weekly.

—The steamer Estelle, which was detained at Newport on suspicion that she was intending to carry arms to the Cuban belligerents, has been released by order of the President and Cabinet, the Department of Justice having made a full investigation and found that there was no reason for detaining the vessel.

—Lotham J. Mitchell's house, 100 years old, at Manhasset, Long Island, was discovered to be on fire in three different places, at 2 A. M., Dec. 4th. The seven persons sleeping in the house were aroused, and with difficulty escaped from the burning building. No furniture nor clothing were saved. The loss was \$8,000.

—Dermitt & Looker's Furniture Factory, at Newark, N. J., was destroyed by fire, on the 9th inst., causing a loss of \$10,000.

—Late despatches from the seat of war in the East announce the unconditional surrender of Plevna to the Russians. This is a very decided victory for the Russian army and the soldiers, flushed with success, think they can begin to see the end of the struggle.

—It is stated that W. H. Vanderbilt contemplates building a railroad from Montreal to Norwood, N. Y., connecting at the latter place with the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg road, thus making the route from the West to Montreal shorter than via the Grand Trunk. Samuel Sloan's visit last week to Montreal and Quebec is supposed to be in the interest of this project.

—The National Cigar Manufacturers at a meeting of their association held in New York, last Friday afternoon, voted to expel M. M. Smith, the manufacturer who recently sold his factory, No. 42 Vesey street, to the striking cigar-makers for a cooperative shop, accepting for himself the position of business manager and salesman. Mr. Smith had tendered his resignation.

ONE RESULT OF FOOLING AROUND A DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION.

A few days ago a party of school girls dropped in over at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution and found one of the blind boys whose eyes are apparently as good as new and mistook him for a deaf-mute. One of them immediately proceeded to spell with great diligence on her fingers, a proceeding that would have been just as effective with the door jam, and the rest indulged in a series of commentaries on the get-up of the supposed deaf boy. Much exception was taken to his nose, the way his hair was cut, and on a general revision of his figure he was pronounced bow-legged. This last point gave rise to an excited discussion which was brought to an end by one young lady declaring that if her limbs weren't any straighter than those under inspection, she would decline having any at all—a dreadful threat which silenced all opposition. In the meantime the young lady who had been communicating by signs expressed the opinion that the patient was not only deaf and dumb, but a born idiot, not having sense enough to answer her enquiries as to where he lived and how long he had been there, and if he was "struck dumb" or born in that condition. The blind boy by this time seemed to have absorbed the idea that all the complimentary remarks he had been hearing were about him, and flushed with indignation called out in a stentorian voice for "Mr. Breckenridge." The effect was strange. One of the girls instantly called the other a mean thing, and said she might have known the boy would hear. The second girl retorted that she hadn't done anything that she was ashamed of, and the young lady, who had threatened to go without any extremities at all, gathered up her skirts and exhibited a pair of ankles going at lightning speed down the path.

This little incident, which has the rare merit of being true in every particular, will doubtless serve as a warning, and is printed for that high and noble purpose.—*Stamton Vindicator.*

Legal Status of the Old Cent.

WASHINGTON, December 7.—In reply to a letter from the Post Office Department making inquiry as to the legal status of the old copper one cent piece of ante-bellum days, the United States Treasurer states that the coin named is not and never was a legal tender for any amount whatever; and that, consequently, postmasters are not required by law to receive it in payment of postal dues. The total coinage of the old copper cent from the beginning of the Government to the present date is 156,288,744. This coinage was discontinued in February, 1857. They have been bought up by the United States since that time at their *seigniorage* weight; but they are now redeemable when presented in sums of \$20, or multiples thereof, at the Mint or Treasury, at their value. This circumstance, however, does not constitute them a legal tender in debts for any amount.

Spencer B. Webb has returned from the West, to spend the winter, on account of his mother's sickness.

Prof. Job Turner will arrive in Mexico this (Wednesday) evening.

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALLING CARDS COMBINED.

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or others so desiring, calling cards of any size or quality, having on the reverse side the Manual Alphabet, which many people would be pleased to learn.

THE HIDDEN HAND OR QUIET DO-ING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Flower Garden Home is completed. The dedicatory services are advertised for New Year's morning, at 10½ o'clock. The inmates are already there and, nicely settled. Miss Bella Stewart has been unanimously elected by the Board of Managers as the one who should entertain visitors, and interest the children.

She would have been chosen matron, but for the reason that she was too young to have so much care; besides, she was so lady-like that all felt that she could grace the parlor better than superintend the kitchen department and its servants. She now felt that she was pursuing a calling: that she had, indeed, found that better sort of life that would enable her to make an impress on others, and, by thus doing, she would increase her own stock of knowledge, and fit her for higher walks of usefulness. Her discontent was laudable and praise-worthy. Such a reaching out was the highest wisdom, and excited the admiration of the intelligent. She became a marked favorite with all.

The day has come, and soon the bell of Flower Garden Home will ring out its notes of welcome to all. Before the bell has been rung numbers have assembled within the chapel walls, and the first sight that greets the eye is the beautiful wreath of immortelles, executed by Miss Stewart's hands, "Here the weary shall find rest." Underneath hung a beautiful picture, intended to represent a beautiful maiden, well-dressed, holding by the hand a famishing child. This had been sent in that morning. No one knew its giver. Underneath this picture, in a neat gilt frame, were these words: "Let us not love in word; but in deed and in truth."

The hour had arrived. Rev. Mr. Jerome invoked the benediction of heaven upon the labors of those whose money and influence had reared these walls, to rescue and save the "perishing." Then the song of welcome was sung, and little Lilla played on the organ. A brief recital was given of the origin of the Home; what its board of managers had carried out; what they intended yet to accomplish. Invitations were extended to various clergymen to address the audience assembled, requesting them to adopt the ten minute rule, so that the little ones of the mission might not grow weary, all of which was complied with. The children sang the closing piece:

"Welcome, welcome to our Home
On this happy New Year's morn,
May each heart be thine abode,
Blessed Savior, God of love."

Then it was publicly announced, by Judge Shelby, that the ladies of the place had prepared an entertainment for all present, and, if they would follow him, he would lead them to the dining-room. There sat dear Mrs. Shelby, looking so sweetly, as one by one were ushered in. All the servants of her household were there, and old John, the coachman, looked as bright as a new silver dollar just from the mint. Lilla went hand in hand with her papa, chatting away, looking like a canary bird.

Mr. Parker took in the situation of things at a glance, resolving in his own mind that he would do all he could for the inmates of Flower Garden Home. Somehow he felt a deep interest in Mrs. Stewart. Why, he could not tell; only he thought he had met her before in some of his rambles.

No one of that company present was better pleased than Mr. Banks, close by whose side stood a young man who resembled him. That man was Charlie, his brother, who had been rescued by the faithfulness of one in that room—Mr. Preston. Mrs. Shelby, we will remember, was a cousin of Mr. Banks,—so of course Charlie was another cousin.

After many had left the dining-hall, Mr. Banks stepped forward, followed by his brother, to where Mrs. Shelby was. He gently laid his hand on her shoulder as he said: "Cousin Martha, here is our Charlie," who stooped down and kissed her most affectionately, for he was once her favored cousin, and her own Charlie bore his name. As she looked at him, her eyes looked after Lilla as she faintly said: "That precious one, under God, has been made the instrument of all this. From the moment she entered our home till now, goodness and mercy have followed us; and the humble efforts put forth by willing hands has reared this Home for little wanderers." We will now leave the little ones, as well as the older ones, at Flower Garden Home, promising, at some future date, to give them another call.

But what is our friend Preston about? Why, he and Charles J. Banks

are inseparable, but as his brother is not willing they should be separated, or far away, it has been decided that they should be interested in the home trade, and, accordingly, one is salesman and the other is entry clerk; while Mr. Parker now occupies the honorable position of head book keeper, while his home is with the Judge's family.

Mrs. Jerome does not visit Flower Garden Home as often as formerly, as she has a little Rose bud of her own that demands her care, but her husband reports to her daily.

One day he came into the room where she was sitting, saying: "Emma, dear, that Miss Stewart is a treasure. How well you knew she was. Why, she tells me that she one day met Mr. Parker, just as he was going into a drinking place. She went up to him and said: 'Excuse me, but don't go in. Come, follow me; I will show you a place where I wish you to go next Sunday afternoon.' And she tells me he did. Wife, that was the Sunday that poor Mr. Parker came for the first time to our Mission Home temperance meeting. She has never forgotten him, but has kept track of him all the time; and how nice it is not to speak of it till now! Do you remember hearing Parker say that he was interested in some Miss Stewart? Well he might be. Perhaps he remembers the incident, but I hardly think he does from what he said: that it seemed to him as if he had seen her before. He would not have worded it thus, and I think he would have told us all before this—he is so honest-hearted. Don't you think so wife?" "Yes, truly, I do."

Was there ever an act so blessed as that one act of Mr. Jerome's. It seemed as if blessings on blessings followed in its train. What a trio Mr. Banks had in his establishment—Mr. Parker, Mr. Preston, and his brother Charlie, all singing the new song, and, then, they were all chums; all had one common bond of interest, and they were doing good work in the cause of reform, of temperance; and from their influence many more would yet join in that song of emancipation from the thralldom of drink. Sainted one, thou couldst well afford to suffer to die, as thou now dost sing, "My light afflictions, which were but for a moment, have worked out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Yes, and sainted one, they are working out for others the same weight of glory. Through much tribulation thou dost enter the kingdom, there to make it manifest here below that the Son of Man hath yet power on earth to forgive sins, by the sacrifice of himself. Thou didst not live and suffer in vain; for, when perfect through suffering, thou wast taken to thy heavenly home. Angel bands conveyed thee—angel Lands sustained thee till thou didst enter the Saints' Everlasting Rest. Then, after that, thine was the glorious calling of extending the hidden hand, and working out thy darling's deliverance in the quiet doing of Miss Emma Shelby. She could not do otherwise, for Lilla's ministering angel led her by the hand to find her suffering child. A mother's work does not cease when she is called from earthly shores—no, she carries it quenchless through-out eternity,—love that is, like its author, immortal. Love passes the death angel by.

Ye, whose mothers have gone before; if you are not indifferent to their own loved ones. Death does not annihilate a mother's love. Therefore, think of them as not dead, but filled with life-eternal. The death of their bodies was but their entrance into life. There is no luxury equal to that of doing good—of imparting for one brief moment the joy of an inner life; so many, too many, are wrapped up in selfishness. It is for their own, alone, that they live. One cannot meet them, even as strangers, before they make special efforts to impress us with their greatness. How wonderfully smart their children are. Forgetful are they that there is not a parent in the land but what thinks the same; only some parents carry ballast enough not to throw overboard their domestic affairs.

They often take it for granted, because silence is our motto in these affairs, that we are deeply impressed, and mentally wish we could say the same. How deluded they are; for, after we have seen their young hopefuls, we thank God that our own dear ones do not need our breath of praise to push them on. We fondly hope, they may, in future years, rear their own structure of good works faithfully and honestly performed, to bless the world—to bless humanity. Such was what the family of Judge Shelby were doing, in all noble efforts and good endeavors.

Harvey had again left the dear old home for school. Charlie was fast

fetching up with his studies; while Lilla showed such marked proficiency in her studies that one of the best teachers was selected to instruct her at home. Besides, she was growing rapidly in stature and knowledge. Grandma was getting more and more feeble, and, as cold weather set in, a cough came which alarmed them all, save herself. One day she said to the Judge: "Husband, I may as well tell you that I begin to realize that my earthly pilgrimage will be shortly ended. I have lived to see Flower Garden Home reared; to see our darling, our dear Emma, well settled with a devoted husband; to know that our two boys, Harvey and Charlie, have chosen that good part; and I am content now either to live or to die. You have ever been to me all that a noble husband could possibly be, and the one thought of leaving you, after all these years of wedded bliss, sometimes overcomes me: 'yet I know in whom I have believed,' and whether living or dying I am the Lord's." Is it any wonder, reader, if that talk cast a gloom over the mind of the Judge? He could not entertain the thought of a separation. Yet he had feared it for some time. Mrs. Shelby noticed all this as she so lovingly said: "This talk, dear husband, will not make it so. I was unusually impelled this evening, to have a talk with you; you then might recall this conversation, so as to tell our dear family all. I have not the strength of nerve to tell the dear children; and they have not strength to hear it. You, dear husband, have long looked at life as it really is; and, while you, too, feel all I have said, you, too, know your Strong-hold, whereunto you may continually resort. And, then, it will not be long before we shall meet, never more, oh! never more to part, and there we'll watch and wait for our own loved ones, till we shall hear their last step on life's stair. You know it may be best for me to lead the way so that when one after another shall depart from earthly life they can say: 'Mother is there—she beckons us on, to brighter day, to heavenly scenes.'"

For several days after this talk, the Judge returned home earlier than was his usual custom. He could not shake off that talk. In one sense, he did not wish to. Never did the wife of his youth, the mother of his children seem so dear to him as now. He kept and pondered all these sayings in his heart. One morning he was awakened with a strange sound. He started up in bed, and there lay his own dear wife insensible. The force of her past talk rushed over him with fearful power. Could it be that her talk with him was soon to be realized? He spoke; not one word was returned. Ah, it was the very first time those lips had refused their offices of love. There are mysterious foreshadowings of approaching peril sometimes. They come over us in the busy bustle of life and the quiet retreat of solitude. Their influences are alike supreme, over the weak and the iron-hearted. As the whole family is astir, we will not, just now, intrude on the sanctity of their grief, but leave them with that one, especially the dear suffering one, who, in all his children's afflictions, is afflicted.

Perhaps another week may tell favorably on the feeble one. Adieu.

DEAF-MUTE GRANGERS—HAPPY FAMILIES.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Perhaps a few notes from the eastern counties will be acceptable in your columns. Among deaf-mute grangers Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Vandenberg, of "The Boght," Watervliet, Albany county, deserve honorable mention. This venerable couple, now verging towards their "three score and ten," are enjoying a green old age in the midst of a grown up family of two sons and three daughters; all hearing, intelligent, vivacious and sociable members of society, two of the latter being married and settled in their immediate vicinity. Mr. Vandenberg's educational advantages were few, apparently, compared to those of the "Cincinnatus" of New Hampshire, but, being a man of natural good judgment, prudence, perseverance and industry, he has been very successful as a farmer in making a living, rearing his family in comfort and giving them a good education. He has always lived until recently upon the farm on which he was born, which was situated a considerable distance back from the main road, and was cut through near his house by the Troy and Schenectady branch of the N. Y. C. R.R. There were two gates to be opened and shut generally, every time he crossed the railroad to reach the highway, and it is a wonder that dangerous accidents did not happen to him. But beyond

a few casualties to live stock, nothing of the kind occurred.

His farm of about 100 acres was partly upland and partly Mohawk flats, the latter being very rich and productive, the settlement in the locality being called "The Boght" from the Dutch for "bend," in the Mohawk river at that point.

He sold the old farm recently and bought another fine farm in the same neighborhood, situated on the main road from Crescent to Albany, upon which he moved in October last, and on which he has since been making improvements and building a fine carriage house, now nearly completed. It is a very pleasant place to visit and enjoy the hospitality and sociability of himself and family, who can all talk in the mute vernacular as freely as the mutes themselves.

Mr. Vandenberg and family enjoy the respect and esteem of all who know them, and if all mankind were as peaceable, as honest, as devout, humble and childlike in their trust in Providence as Gerrit Vandenberg, what a pleasant world it would be to live in.

Two other grangers, who live by the sweat of honest toil, are Levinus V. VanZandt and wife, who live on the Petersburg mountains in Grafton, Rensselaer county, about twelve miles east of Troy, a wild picturesque region, with ponds and lakes among the hills, at an elevation of 1,200 feet above the Hudson river level. The soil is mostly clay, naturally productive, but hard of cultivation; rocks to the front of you, rocks to the rear of you, rocks to the right of you, rocks to the left of you, the summits of the hills being covered with great jagged masses of gray wacke. It would seem as if there were stone enough among the Grafton hills to build a wall like the great wall of China all around the county of Rensselaer.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Z. have a farm of their own and seem to be making a living and doing very well, raising colts, and other live stock, butter, eggs, and "garden sass and such."

Another eminent granger is Joseph Getting, of Waterford, who with his wife recently celebrated the first decade of their married life; on which occasion it is said some of the boys gave them a "horning." Mr. G. is a teamster when business is good and is up to his eyes drawing moulding sand, which is shipped in large quantities, by canal, to New York and other places. At their wedding Mr. Getting, with Messrs. Brown, Collins, Whitbeck and Smith of Troy, seemed to be general favorites with the ladies, and were all fine specimens of young manhood.

MOSES SMITH.
Jonesville, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1877.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1877.

At last the long and tedious struggle in the Senate is at an end, and both Kellogg and Butler have been sworn in, much to the pleasure of their respective friends. So much has been said through the columns of the public press concerning this controversy that the people at large are glad to have a rest.

The President has endeavored to keep his own counsel concerning his forthcoming annual message to Congress. Much speculation has been indulged in, but exactly what he recommends is not known.

The various Cabinet officers have prepared their reports with great care. They furnish to the country in detail the workings, wants and necessities of their branches of the public service.

Economy is a marked feature, and a more thorough and practical civil service will be sure to result if Congress approves and seconds the recommendations.

Some prominent Banker, with a good share of common sense, has written as follows to the United States Treasurer: "Do you pay all the Congressmen in silver? By the Eternal, do it! It will bring them to their senses to give them 400 heavy trade dollars a month, or 800 halves. What a funny sight it would be to see the venerable bald-headed law-makers each step up to the Treasurer's office, and draw out of their pockets the proverbial pieces of silver. The chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing reports a saving in his department of over \$85,000 since last year. 9,339,339 sheets of securities valued at \$708,414,645 and 181,720 stamps were printed. No counterfeits have yet appeared on any of the this year's work of this Bureau. In the report a high and just compliment is paid to the employees, many of whom are ladies, or department women" as some style them. Pride in blood, often says "I would not have my daughter in the Government service, but many of these lady toilers are more highly educated and cultured than the gay society women

who parade the avenue in silks and diamonds, or whirl through the streets in elegant coupes. The fact is, Washington is overrun, every season, with codfish aristocracy, like Saratoga. Men and women swell here in great style, and yet at home they amount to nothing in the social scale. These ladies who are forced to earn their daily bread are, many of them, made dependent by the loss of their father or husband in the late war.

Among the host of them are many who have occupied enviable positions in former days. For instance one in the Dead Letter Office was born and lived in the White House during Jackson's administration. She is the only living person there, and yet she is now dependent on the Government for her living.

Senator Ingalls proposes to make short work of the National Capital Insurance Company, (not National United States Life of America,) a concern started in this city with little capital, and affording a very small amount of security to those who had been deluded into patronizing it. He believes in insurance reform, and will endeavor to have his bill passed, which shall stop the outrageous lying which has been going on in this class of business, at least in this city.

The reception of Miss Vinnie Ream—a lady made famous by her \$20,000 statue of Lincoln—in her studio is one of the most interesting features of society here in Washington. Her gentleness, ease, and charming manner make it a most agreeable place to spend an hour or so amid statuary and art, formed by her hand, which was taught its cunning in Rome. Busts of Senator Davis, General Custer and others are now in process of completion.

Admiral Farragut is immortalized in marble by this fair sculptor, as are many others, well-known in the history of our country.

Miss Thursty, the celebrated songstress, sang at a reception at the White House the other evening, and delighted the dignitaries of State.

President Hayes thinks the President's salary too large and is going, it is said, to advise a reduction to the old figure \$25,000. He has expended but \$4,000 so far during his administration. At this rate he will save \$42,000 per year. Mrs. Hayes, by the way, takes a great interest in politics, and frequently converses with gentlemen on the subject. It is needless to say that she is a "policy" woman. FAX.

PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

GRAY, NOV. 26, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Please publish in your valuable paper my appointments for December, as follows:

Norwich, Ct.,	11.
Worcester, Mass.,	12.
Mexico, N. Y.,	16.
New York City,	18.
Newark, N. J.,	19.
Philadelphia, Pa.,	20.
Baltimore, Md.,	23.
York, Pa.,	30.

I intend visiting the West Virginia Institution, at Romney, Dec. 25; the Maryland Institution, at Frederick City, Dec. 28; the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, Jan. 1, 1878; and the Virginia Institution at Staunton about Jan. 15, after which I shall extend my mission work southward for about four months.

Yours sincerely,
Job Turner.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Dec. 16th.
The Psalter for the 16th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah xxv.
2d Lesson—Luke iii, to verse 19th.
Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii, to v. 23d.
2d Lesson—Romans xiv.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

Sunday, Dec. 23rd.
The Psalter for the 23rd day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah xxx.
2d Lesson—Matthew iii, to v. 13th.
Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah xxxii.
2d Lesson—I Corinthians i.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday in Advent.

Daniel Webster once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you!" said a lady of his acquaintance. The "Great Expounder" soon after received a letter from his fair disputant, where, after her signature, stood: "P. S.—Who is right now, you or I?"

DR. PIERCE'S STANDARD REMEDIES

Are not advertised as "cure-alls," but are specific in the diseases for which they are recommended.

NATURAL SELECTION.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that governs the progress of life. Does not the same principle govern the commercial progress of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior article. By reason of superior merit, Dr. Pierce's Standard Remedies have outlived all others. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. It is business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Alternative, or Blood-cleansing.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Pectoral.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is a Cholagogue, or Liver Stimulant.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Tonic.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

By reason of its Alternative properties, cures Diseases of the blood and Skin, as Scrofula, or King's Evil; Tumors; Ulcers or Old Sores; Blisters; Pimples; eruptions; and other diseases of the skin. It cures Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Affections; Incipient Consumption; Lingular Coughs; and Chronic Laryngitis. It cures Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the diseases of the Urine, and is a powerful remedy for Biliousness; Torpid Liver, or "Liver Complaint;" and its Tonic properties make it equally efficacious in curing Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Dyspepsia.

Where the skin is scallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or where there are scrofulous swellings and other marks of "Biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallor color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "Torpid Liver" or "Biliousness." In many cases of "Liver Complaint," only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is unequalled. It cures every case, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

P. P. P. P.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

Purely Vegetable. No care required while using them.

The "Little Giant" Cathartic, or **BALTIMORE** is a powerful, healthy, and agreeable. They remove the necessity of taking the great, crude, drastic, sickening pills, heretofore so much used. As a remedy for Headache, Dizziness, Bloating of the Head, Tightness about the Chest, Bad Taste in Mouth, Eruptions from the Skin, Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Pains in the Kidneys, Highly-colored Urine, and Internal Fever, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are unsurpassed. Furthermore, I would say that their action is universal, not a gland escaping their salutary influence. Age does not impair the properties of these Pellets. They are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are always fresh and reliable. This is not the case with those pills which are put up in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. The daily use of two Pellets has cured the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Blisters, Pimples, Sore Eyes and Eruptions. They are, however, recommended to be taken in connection with the Golden Medical Discovery, in order to secure the best results.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

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THE WORLD FOR 1878.

Since the change in its proprietorship (which took place May 1, 1876), "THE WORLD" has become the brightest, sprightliest, most scholarly and popular journal in the metropolis. "It is entertaining, interesting, bright, decent, fair and truthful." It does wrong willingly to no man, no creed, no interest and no party. It treats all subjects of importance earnestly and with respect. It seeks to make itself an agreeable companion, as well as a faithful guide and teacher. The WORLD regards the recent victories of the party with which it by preference acts not as mere partisan triumphs gained by partisan contrivances, but as the unmistakable expression of a deep and genuine popular demand for new methods in Government, for a thorough purification of the public service and for a rectification of the aims of our party organizations. Wherever and whenever the Democratic party proves itself loyal to this popular demand, THE WORLD will resolutely uphold it; wherever or whenever it fails short of or attempts to counteract this popular demand THE WORLD will as resolutely oppose and denounce it. In a word, THE WORLD believes the Democratic party to exist for the good of the public service. It does not believe the public service to exist for the good of the Democratic party.

WEEKLY WORLD,

contains all the news of the week, presented in a concise and attractive manner; the best of the many excellent letters sent by able correspondents from all parts of the world; bright and entertaining editorials on all matters of interest to the public. Short stories and stories continued from week to week, written expressly for THE WORLD by the best authors. Full reports of all the principal markets of the United States and foreign countries; a grange department, &c., &c. It is in every essential a paper for the family. D. D. T. MOORE, Esq., the founder and for many years the editor of

MOORE'S RURAL NEWYORKER,

will hereafter edit the Farmers' Page of THE WEEKLY WORLD.

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A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR.

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

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To the person from whom THE WORLD shall receive, previous to March, 31, 1878, the money for the largest number of subscribers for one year to the WEEKLY WORLD we will give a first prize of \$300.00.
For the next largest number, a second prize of \$200.00.
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For the eleven next largest lists, eleven prizes of \$25.00 each.

All persons desirous of competing for these prizes (which are offered in addition to the regular club premiums), will please signify their intention of so doing and send to us for full instructions. We will draw the prizes at the end of the year, and will send the prizes to any person supplying THE WORLD to subscribers at less than regular rates, viz:

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Address all orders and letters to "THE WORLD," 85 Park row, New York. N. B.—Those subscribing before January 1 will receive the

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until January 1, 1879, for ONE DOLLAR.

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The Daily Sun is a four page-sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 50 cents a month, or \$6.00 per year.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is an eight-page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it